The Saturday Review of Literature

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Oil painting by Georges Schreib

EXILED WRITERS ISSUE

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"He was the man **BYRON** *would have liked to be!"*

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Midshipman in His Majesty's Navy at the age of 14.

• •

TRELAWNY
Pirate in the Indian Ocean at 18.

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TRELAWNY
Married to a beautiful Arab girl whom he rescued from slavery.

• •

TRELAWNY
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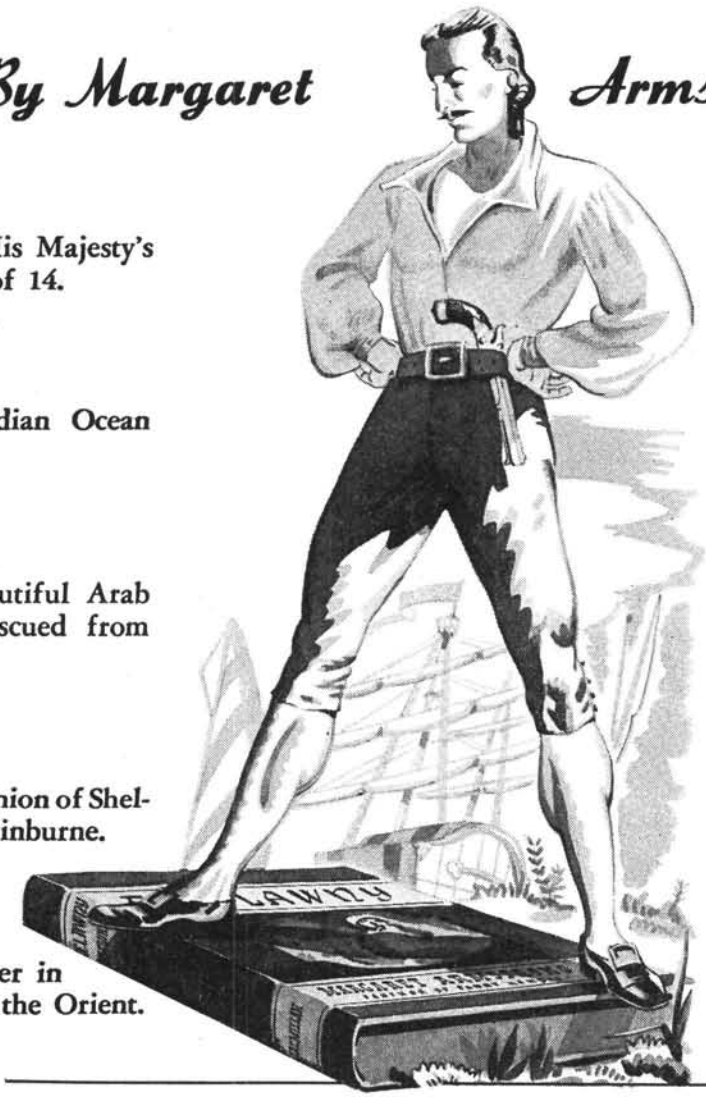
TRELAWNY
Dashing adventurer in India, Arabia and the Orient.



TRELAWNY
He snatched Shelley's heart from the blazing pyre.

• •

TRELAWNY
With Byron he fought for the Freedom of Greece.

• •

TRELAWNY
He lived in a cave on Mount Parnassus, blood-brother to Odysseus, robber outlaw chief.

• •

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The Committee of Publishers, which has organized the Dinner for the Benefit of Exiled Workers on October 17, appreciatively welcomes the co-operation of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE in bringing out this special issue to coincide with the occasion.

We contend that the extension of aid to exiled writers is no charity. For publishers and for anyone with an interest in literature such action is merely some repayment of the debt to the great continental authors of recent years whose work has enriched our culture and our lives. These writers have kept alive the real traditions of Europe; they now preserve the truth while their world is being pillaged.

Furthermore, we have a great common interest with these creative men and women. They have had the courage to face exile and persecution for their beliefs. If we are to preserve our own traditions and our democracy we will follow their example and be prepared to give up many things which may be part of an orderly world but must be thrown overboard as excess baggage in the present world struggle of ideas and of arms. Fundamentally the aims of the exiled writers are the same as our aims and they have shown us the way.

In these difficult days we more than ever welcome European authors to this continent. We are proud to give them asylum and we applaud their fortitude.

Ralph Foss

For the Committee of Publishers.

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The Exiled Writers

BENJAMIN APPEL

I often think that we have the same adventures to undergo as Odysseus. Only the gods are not in the story. *From the letter of a refugee writer.*

THE bomb of fascism was first manufactured in Italy, then in Germany. Manufacture of the bomb spread throughout Europe. And the bomb exploded, wrecking the great rooms of the nations, smashing the studies of the writers, blowing the books out to the bonfires on the streets.

In Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Oslo, Paris, all sorts of writers, ivory tower writers, historical writers, leftist writers—became participants with housewives and lawyers and farmers in the bloody terror of the time. Instead of peace there was flight. Instead of work there was flight. And the writers fled. Behind them, their books lit the sky from Germany to the Atlantic.

Some did not flee. In Spain, the poet Garcia Lorca was shot by Franco. The *index librorum prohibitorum* banned the dead man's poems, banned the books of Ramon Sender and Jose Bergamin (both now resident in Mexico), banned Dickens, Balzac, Tolstoy. The Fascists did not care when the honest writer had written. In Greece, the plays of the ancient Grecian masters, plays attacking despots long since dust, were forbidden. Everywhere, the great dead joined the new dead and the living in exile.

Everywhere, the living pens of Europe stopped the writing of stories, novels, essays, poems. A new transitional literature was being composed on the trains and in the concentration camps, a literature of letters whose envelopes carried the same address: *U.S.A.*, whose enclosures carried the same message: *Save us or we perish.*

The exiles wrote of their sufferings:

"When you get this card I don't know what has become of me. Anyhow I know how a mouse in a trap feels. I send you—perhaps—my last greetings."

They wrote of the concentration camps:

"Straw mattresses were placed one above the other and others back to back. A thick coat of dust covered everything. The smell was poisonous and the air suffocating. Sixty-four women were packed into this room—16 metres long, 7 wide, and 3½ high—and provided with only two windows and one door."

They wrote of flight, always of flight:

"I shall some day write down our fantastic flight through France. It was rather grotesque how we, the only ones on foot at all, got through in the end against all reason and foresight, caught up continuously by motorized refugees in panic, behind, to the right, to the left, and even sometimes ahead, the German tanks and bombardments."

BUT some writers "got through" to America "against all reason." And the inevitable questions arise in American minds. What will the exiles write about? Will the loss of their roots hinder their creative growth? What effect has their experience had upon their future work?

I went to see Jules Romains in his apartment a few blocks north of Columbus Circle in New York City. The tricolor flag of the French Republic was tacked to one corner of the bookcase in which the many volumes of "Men of Good Will" filled the shelves. Their author was in his study in the adjoining room. He was seated at a

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flat desk, a medium-sized man of fifty-five with hooded blue eyes. Down below, through the windows, I could see a baseball game going on in Central Park.

Madame Romains translated my questions into French.

"How long will I be here?" he answered after some thought. "Even last January no one could predict what happened in June. The entire world will enter into a state of anarchy if this war continues for two or three years." He made a tent out of his hands and declared. "England is fighting for the whole world." He shrugged his shoulders, his large face suddenly intense. "We left our house on the eleventh of June. The Germans were already in Paris the day after we left. When we left, the writer Valéry was in a clinic in Paris. He couldn't move when the Germans came. We have not heard from him."

"What will happen to your books in France?"

"I know not the attitude concerning my books. In Pétain, I see nothing favorable to freedom of spirit and thought. But my books have an enormous audience among all parties. To suppress them will be hard and yet all my work is antagonistic to what the Pétain Government is doing and thinking. But Pétain, himself, admired my 'Verdun.' He wrote me that I had created for posterity a true picture. About three weeks ago I made an appeal on the radio to the Government not to dishonor the country. As for my work, everything in 'Men of Good Will' ought to have been finished in 1945." He smiled. "That was what I thought one year ago." His smile turned wry, melancholy. "I will do the nineteenth and twentieth volumes in this country but I cannot answer when they will be published in France."

"Do any of the books deal with America?"

"Later volumes will be about America after the last war. All the structure is written down. Only a question of writing it. Even when I wrote the first volumes, all the events were twenty years old. I am not afraid of exile affecting my work. Hugo stayed eighteen years in exile and his most important work was 'Les Misérables' which is most full of French things." As he talks, Jules Romains has changed from the politician into the literary scholar, a writer not to be deterred by the overturns of history from continuing his "remembrance of things past."

When I left, I still remembered his sentence: "All the structure is written down." A Jules Romains or a Thomas Mann (whose new novel, "The Beloved Returns" has charted the genius of Goethe just as the "Joseph" books charted the genius of Joseph) have their roots in the structure of events gone from the earth.

Other writers witnessed the bombers. In exile, they searched their minds and hearts for a meaning. Such a writer is Franz Werfel, whose visa for Mexico describes his new faith as Roman Catholic. In France until two weeks ago, Werfel, who, it was feared, was taken prisoner by the Nazis, has just arrived in this country. His plans, literary and spiritual, had come close to being annihilated by the years of the bomb. His new novel, "Embezzled Heaven," Book-of-the-Month for December, has chronicled the odyssey of a writer seeking a rootage that fascism could not amputate with shrieking metal. During the story, Austria is Nazified but Werfel is mainly interested in the inner events, the inner travels of the writer-Odysseus, who finally finds permanence in Catholicism.

"Would the day ever come," one passage reads, "when we of the modern age were no longer condemned to hypercritical materialism but could at last take our place without supercilious mental reservations in an ordered universe, in a radiant cosmic system reaching from the skies above to the earth beneath?"

WHEN I met Sigrid Undset, I mentioned Werfel and the writer's search for order in an exploding world, a problem not confined to the exiles alone but one confronting all American writers.

We sat in her hotel room off Times Square. A tall, heavy woman of fifty-eight, dressed in black, her brown hair was parted in the middle like one of the Norwegian women she has written about in her historical novels, "The Master of Hestviken," "Kristin Lavransdatter."

"All the events I think of—is Europe," she said nervously. "Impossible—I can't write a book—I don't know." She lapsed into a massive silence characteristic of her.

"Did you save anything when you left Norway?"

"I took nothing. I had a handbag. That's all—Most Norwegian and Danish writers, to my knowledge, are still there. Not in concentration camps, to my knowledge. Most opposed to totalitarian ideas. I went to Sweden. I took a plane to Moscow. I go in airplane if I have to." She smiled with a sudden spark of endurance. "I crossed Russia to Japan. To San Francisco."

"Have you been thinking of a new book?"

"I don't know." The smile is gone. She sits in silence, her blue eyes fixed

THIS WEEK

Cover design by Georges Schreiber

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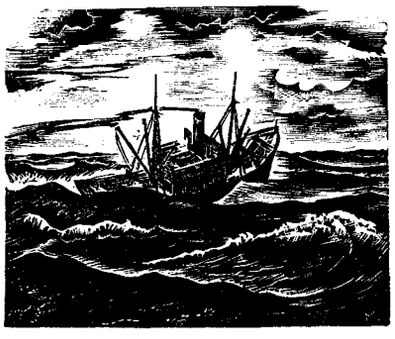
there was more space and less time for cultivation, there are still huge inanimate regions almost bare of human influence. This makes both for the particular individualism and the particular collectivism of Americans. Just as American individualism derives from the independence of the pioneers who conquer and exploit the land, so American collectivism may derive from their loneliness.

The European within his countryside finds himself facing the whole of his past, the backgrounds of his life. His landscape is a reflection of himself; in returning his own image to him it casts him back upon himself. The American instead faces the elemental powers; he finds a blank space upon which he must write himself. So it may be that the extravertedness of the American and the need to congregate derives from that overwhelming task of exploring and exploiting the vast forces of this country, and from the isolation and desolation in which the human being finds himself before this overwhelming task.

Where the task is fulfilled the bareness of the elements turns into the very opposite: highly over-civilized and over-mechanized cities and industrial achievements which establish the close technical interrelation and the uniformity of modern life. To reconcile this discrepancy between over-civilized spots amidst untouched spaces, and between untamed individualism and the inner and outer necessity to congregate, is the job that lies ahead of America.

The trend of our time leads to the most intense interrelation of individ-



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uals and peoples. It calls everywhere for the coördination of human forces. Americans are very conscious of their individualism, but less conscious of their genius for collective undertakings. As conscious individualists they have accomplished great feats of coördination. As unconscious collectivists they have the groundwork for the still greater feats yet to be demanded of them. Only by recognizing their collective qualities will they be able to preserve the freedom and the dignity of the individual human being.

The Exiles's Gift

BY PEARL BUCK

We welcome to America those who come to us out of the distress of Europe. The greatest contribution they can make to our country is themselves. We hope they can live among us and let their energies flow on in their usual work. Our civilization will be enriched by their presence, and by their talents and their wisdom. These are their permanent gifts.

Lessons of Poland

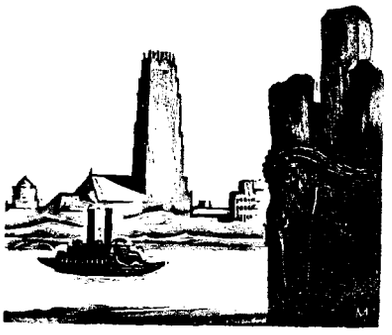
BY PRINCESS PAUL SAPIEHA

IN this war of ideas, the enemy most feared by the aggressors is independent thought. People who know the world's history, who work with their minds to shape opinion, who use the cool blade of the intellect to probe the slogans and propaganda and show up the motives behind them—these people are too dangerous for the dictators to keep.

Of course, statesmen and outstanding writers in every conquered country are the first to go. Either they have the bitter luck to escape and live in exile, or else they are captured and disappear. But besides these well known men who would obviously work against totalitarian purposes, there is a large class of more anonymous intellectuals who work, in unobtrusive scholarship, to further knowledge. These are the university professors. These men are also dangerous in a state controlled by the Gestapo or the G. P. U. But because they are usually only famous among other scholars, the world doesn't know about them—and perhaps does not realize what has been happening to them now.

I'd like to give you a brief account of what has happened to the professors of Poland, since the beginning of the war. There were two thousand professors in Poland. About three hundred have managed to get out of the country and are living somehow in the neutral countries, such as Greece, Turkey, Morocco, Hungary and Portugal. Seven hundred professors were caught and stayed on the Russian side of the new frontier. Under the Bolsheviks, the University of Lemberg, the only one which still functions, goes on with its scientific courses, so that the professors who specialized in physics, chemistry, biology and mathematics are still allowed to work. But the humanities are no longer taught. The professors of the classics have vanished into the limbo of Siberia. In Wilno, also under the Russians, no professor is allowed to be given any work whatsoever—so that those who are not yet deported will probably not survive the winter.

On the German side of the frontier, no university is open. The university of Warsaw was demolished during the siege and what apparatus could be dug from the ruins has been sent to Germany. The University of Krakow, one of the oldest universities in Europe, the one which harbored Copernicus, had three hundred professors of its own. In November, when the Nazis had about finished liquidating public enemies, they turned their attention to these quiet, private enemies in



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Krakow. Rounding them up by calling a general meeting of the university staff, they arrested a hundred and seventy professors and sent them to the concentration camp at Oranienburg where, during the winter, seventeen of them died of privation and abuse. In February, some of these men were released, and three died promptly when they got home. There are still forty-six of them in camp, now at Dachau. Altogether, fifty Polish professors died either from bombs or in the camps. Those who have survived and have not yet gone to camps are trying to keep alive by selling cigarettes or sweeping in the streets.

It seems to me that the fate of the professors is just as much of a blow to civilization as the exiling and killing of great literary figures. When the right to study and the right to teach have vanished, there is nothing left but the life of the jungle.

Cultural Repository

BY FANNIE HURST

I don't think I have ever seen a placer pan. I know it is used by miners who when digging for ore, shake the soft soil through a pan with a sieve bottom, until there is only gold left in the receptacle.

The Americas today have become a sort of a placer pan for the bright residuum of many cultures.

Strange shining heritage! It is inevitable that much that is rich and

(*Continued on page* 14)

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The Band of Exiles *

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

NEVER before have I seen our market and streets so deserted;
Truly the town is as though 'twere swept out, or dead: for not fifty
Still are remaining behind, methinks, of our whole population.
What will not curiosity do? Thus runneth and rusheth,
Each one now to see the train of the poor wretched exiles,
Up to the causeway on which they travel, is nigh an hour's journey.
Still runs thither the crowd, in the dust and heat of the mid-day;
Yet, should not I like to stir from my place to see what affliction
Good men suffer in flight, who now, with the rescued possessions,
Leaving, alas! the Rhine's charming bank, that country of beauty,
Come over here to us, and wander along through the windings
Of this fruitful vale, a nook by fortune most favored.

Suddenly then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,
"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."
"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,
"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.
Who could describe it aright,—that manifold scene of disaster?
Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,
Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,
Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.
But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,
Truly great was the crowding and din of the travellers' wagons.
Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,
And could but learn, how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,
And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.

Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a good landlord
In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and useful),
Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all fashions,
One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen blankets
In the kneading trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the mirror.
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflection,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was precious behind him.
Just so in this case, too, with a carefulness lacking discretion,
Worthless things took they on, to burden their oxen and horses,
Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop and with it the bird-cage.

Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along with their bundles,
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to their owners;
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train travelled onward,
Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was eager to hasten,
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and children,
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in chorus,
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and swaying
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked wagons.

But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the highway,
Wandered a creaking wheel;—upsetting, the vehicle rolled down
Into the ditch, with the swing its human freight quick discharging
Far in the field,—with dire screams, yet with fortunate issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of the wagon.
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes and cupboards.
Thus, then, they lay,—the wagon all broken, the people all helpless—
For the others went on, and with speed drew past, each one thinking
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him forward.

Excerpted from the poem, "Hermann and Dorothea," published in 1798.

Illustration at right

by Rudolph von Ripper

"SYMPHONIE NUPTIALE"

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LITERARY TRANSPLANTS

THEY are still coming on nearly every ship that gets through—writers from Germany and Austria and France and Belgium and Scandinavia. There are writers whom we have honored as the oncoming among our contemporaries; there are writers who have made the twenties distinguished in literature. There are writers of the last war years. There are even writers whose great reputation was made in the last century. This emigration from the forces of anti-intellectualism is an exile only for a few of them. For most, in all human probability, it is a transplanting to a new environment, new thoughts, new atmosphere of the imagination, and, perhaps, new opportunities.

There is always the danger of a sterility induced by unsought-for change. Some of our refugee intellectuals will always write like exiles, drawing an ever feebler inspiration from a homeland less and less their own. But it is unlikely that this will be true of the most and the best. There are no historical precedents in this country upon which prophecies can be based. The men and women of trained intellect and imagination who took refuge here when France was upsetting Europe, or after the German suppressions of 1848, came into an undeveloped country where the dispossessed inevitably turned toward wealth-making with the rest of America. But the United States of 1940 is economically mature, if not overripe. No temptations to speedy wealth are likely to divert the writers, the artists, the scholars, the intellectuals in general from their professions.

For a few who work in the international language of the novel, or of music, for example, this will not be too difficult. We have bought their work already, and will again. But for most, there will be a double and a difficult task of adaptation. They will have to create in an environment which will never be quite their own, and draw upon that environment since they cannot live entirely upon memory. And they will have to learn how to write, to paint, or think, for a society which, in spite of the cosmopolitan elements, is radically different from their old homes.

It would be presumptuous for a native American to instruct them, if he could, in the psychological problems involved in this turnover of the spirit. But something may be said as to opportunities, and particularly to writers, who will write in the immediate future, one fears, more and more for Americans and emigres like themselves, and less and less for the continent of Europe.

It is highly important that a country should know itself for what it is; and to teach self-knowledge is certainly one of the functions of a national literature. The founders of our national state seem to have had a remarkably shrewd and prophetic understanding of their country as it was at the turn of the 1800's, although even then their analysis was sketchy for the extensions beyond the Alleghanies. And New England in the 1840's and 1850's understood itself very well in a spiritual and intellectual sense though it did not trouble its collective head with the implications of its economics. Yet no one can consider the extraordinary shifts and changes, the variety and diversity, the novelties and contradictions of American literature since, let us say, the early nineteen hundreds, without being aware that there has been a sharp realization that the American literary imagination had got out of gear with the growth and change of the country, and has been feverishly trying to get into touch again with a transmission complicated beyond belief. Or to put it more simply, the old America of the text books, the America of Mark Twain, and Howells, and of Booth Tarkington, and even of Sinclair Lewis, the America of the movies and *The Saturday Evening Post* is in existence, is still true, and even dominant; but has become like the lobby of a chain-hotel, visible and familiar while all sorts of things are happening in the rooms above which the literary imagination has innocently ignored.

Every country makes its type characters to represent itself. Often these are stereotypes, or tend to become set; usually they are symbolic, but the symbols have a way of getting stretched and shapeless, like old clothes that no longer fit. An immense amount of energy in recent literature on our stage, in books, and in magazines has gone into retailoring the American types and introducing new ones. It is an indispensable task which means constant experiment and many failures. It gives a fine opportunity for bad boys who like to shock the old-timers, and smart alecks who try to sell shoddy for good woolens; but unless creative literature in America is going to be content with writing captions for the magazine covers, we have to go through with it.

Now just here, it would seem, our refugee intellectuals are likely to be of the greatest service. They are trained observers, they have imagination, their vision is not blurred by looking, as we American writers inevitably do, at American life as we were told in school and college that we should look at it. It is true, lacking that intuitive sense of what it is all about which comes only from being born in a tradition, it is not probable that in our time they will create in the American way, or present us with those new national types—eidolons, Whitman called them—which are essential if the national imagination is to progress toward self-knowledge. But as critics and as interpreters in terms of the European civilizations from which we all spring, as provocative thinkers, and as seekers of the essentials in their new country, they may give to American writing a stir-up and a stimulus which will be more valuable than any number of prizes or any amount of appreciation. For if they are creative minds, and many of them are great creative minds, they will have to find out for themselves what America means to them. And what it means to them will be important for us to know.

H. S. C.

Alexander Sergeyevich

By Hugh Western

Upon the hill there stands a gallows tree
And underneath are hummocks in the sod
Whence some who lived perhaps too earnestly
Have gone a little soon to meet their god.
And you and I who may not feel the jerk
Of any hangman, do you think we'll miss,
When bullets or bacilli 've done their work,
That sting which may be agony or bliss?

Never hope that! Rather pay up the bet,
Drink the last drop and throw the glass away
As Pushkin did, who venemously kind
Chalked for the pilgrims of our doubtful day
Door to romance, and who has left behind
Keys we are doubly idiots to forget.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Heavy Reading

List, Gentle Readers, and hearken to me
And then add to mine your eloquent plea
That Congress enact and the President sign
A law, and with teeth, that would levy a fine
On writer and printer and publisher too
Of overweight books that fatigue me and you.

Let them leave out a peril or two in the plot,
And less conversation would help out a lot,
While half of the love scenes would never be missed
If the girls were more squeamish about being kissed.
Of course, with non-fiction, there is some excuse
For big, heavy tomes—just reference use.

But we all know the novel is best read in bed
As well as the poets—and oh, how I dread
To stagger upstairs to my room to retire
With a book the reviewers all seem to admire,
And find my eyes willing but arms giving out—
I don't like my novels to be stylish stout.

VELMA WEST SYKES.
Kansas City, Mo.

Nautical Superman

SIR:—In his review of "Trelawny" (*SRL,* Oct. 5) Mr. Aldington describes swimming the St. Lawrence (*sic*) too close to the verge of Niagara Falls as a "perilous" feat. it would be a good deal more than perilous, and in fact in all his mad career Trelawny could never have accomplished a more amazing one.

ROBERT B. TUNSTALL.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Editor's Note: Mr. Aldington's geography stands corrected.

I. Q. Boosting

SIR:—An English major at Ohio State, I used to pride myself on my knowledge of literary matters. During the past few months, since I have been taking the *SRL,* my ego has been considerably deflated by my poor scores on the Literary I.Q. I had consistently failed to score over 80, falling on one occasion to the disgraceful score of 25.

Today, upon receiving my copy of the *SRL,* I hopefully turned to the

"Have you heard any good military secrets lately?"

Literary I.Q. I was greatly surprised and pleased when I scored a perfect 100. Now I have regained my self-respect, and my long-inert ego is rapidly coming to life. You see what a fine thing you have done for me. More power to you, especially Mr. Collins and his Literary I.Q.!

RALPH E. PROUTY.
Columbus, Ohio.

From a Country Editor

DEAR SIR:—As an ex-service man and as a country editor of a weekly newspaper, I find a lot of "meat" in your magazine, which I have bought at the newsstands off and on for 15 years; for past year I have been a subscriber. It has helped me come to conclusions about various topics that had been difficult previously to evaluate.

All of which brings me to the point of this letter. For some time I have wondered how Adult America, as well as the numerous youngsters, can be brought to a real appreciation of American Liberty. Few understand, or take the time to think, that it hasn't always been this way, nor that it will not always be as it is now, and as you expressed it in an editorial, I am inclined to think that we are living "on borrowed time."

Frankly, in Arizona, we are alarmed, but like so many other Americans, we hesitate to "squawk" until we can propose a reasonable alternative to present trends. In the name of the public good, good politics, or a dozen other practicalities, freedom of Americans, even in the "wide open spaces" is being so seriously circumscribed that some sort of general awakening must be brought about if we are to preserve the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Nearly three-quarters of Arizona's area is owned by the Federal Government, which means we can violate rules or regulations of some government bureau without trying, and this in addition to normal eastern experiences of relief and tax collection.

More alarming still, is the growing tendency in our schools for instructors to admonish their students that what is said in the classroom should not be repeated on the outside. In short it adds up to this—for a number of years wrong ideologies have been allowed to creep into our teacher training institutions, with the result that a slight awakening of the general public has begun to show their training is either deficient or wrong, and to escape criticism, or to avoid learning anew the principles of Americanism, they attempt to invoke the gag rule on their students, yet go along inculcating young minds with doctrines as foreign to America as the goose step.

You can appreciate that the American tendency to let well enough alone until the crisis appears makes it difficult and unpopular to attempt any sort of crusade against this laziness on the part of schoolteachers. I didn't call them educators, advisedly, because I believe our more progressive educators are alive to the situation, but school teachers are, generally speaking, indolent, poorly informed, or ill-informed, and decide anyone not agreeing with them is a crank.

You can further appreciate that the average country editor is too occupied with raising the weekly payroll and quarterly revenues to the ever-increasing number of government boards, commissions, and bureaus, to devote much time to reading solid source materials, with the result that they also, finally let fatigue and discouragement, and a hope that everything will work itself out, replace any real work looking to a correction of things as they are.

As an editor of two country weekly newspapers, I would welcome some sort of program by a united publishers's organization, and will go so far as to offer free space in my newspapers, either as a bookshelf department or a special feature, if some plan as you suggest is adopted by them. Also I should be pleased to be kept informed if anything develops in that direction. However, I would like to go on record that the plan be as genuine as you suggest, and any attempt to commercialize such a movement will meet with our prompt rejection.

G. G. RICHARDS.
Graham County Guardian,
Safford, Arizona.

NOTE: *Because of the special Exiled Writers Issue, Burton Rascoe's article, "What's Wrong with Publishers," announced for this week, has been postponed.*

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EXILES AND DEMOCRACY

(*Continued from page* 9)

new must now become part of our cultural soil. But in opening our minds and hearts to the persecuted and put-upon creative minds of Europe, we must not allow that to be our first consideration.

If ever there was a time when the integrity of each of the separate cultures of crippled nations must be preserved, it is now.

We Americas, in giving asylum to those cultures, are not inheriting them. We are as peculiar to ourselves as they are to themselves. We are merely helping to preserve their vitality and integrity.

The World of Today

BY HEINZ POL

I did not come to the United States solely to be safe in my own person and liberty—I might have obtained a visa to some other country from France.

No, I came here because I wanted to live in a land, a continent singled out by destiny to come into the heritage of Europe, regardless of how Europe will look after the war is over.

If this sounds like trite and fulsome flattery, I can only say that it is not intended to be anything of the kind. During the many months I had to spend in French concentration camps I had plenty of time to think things over. I inevitably reached the conclusion that the future belongs to America rather than to Europe.

To my way of thinking, the United States, regardless of whether it is forced into the war or not, will definitely assume the task of bringing to its shores the intellectual elite of Europe. I believe that this will lead to an amalgamation of the best in America with the best European traditions in the field of culture, science, and art, giving America world leadership in the realm of the spirit.

In the few months I have been in the United States innumerable outstanding men have been arriving from all parts of the unfortunate Old World—writers, musicians, painters, scientists, physicians, theologians—from Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Central and Eastern Europe. I am sure that not all of them have come here purely to save their lives—that many are aware that here in America, and here alone, the heritage of Europe is secure, that here it may be best continued and incorporated.

When I say incorporated, I do not mean grafted upon America. We have not come here to teach but to learn. Among ourselves, there has been not the slightest occasion for European arrogance as regards America for some decades now; and I am certain that those of us who have recently come here still showing traces of that arrogance, have quickly dropped it. The contrast between the free culture of America and the hell from which we have escaped is too great.

Of course I had seen the New York skyscrapers a hundred times in print and photo, and the actuality did not overwhelm me nearly as much as did such a thing as the Public Library, about which I had heard very little in Europe. When I entered the building for the first time, I felt strange and at once at home. There was something universal about it—something European as well as American—but where in Europe are such institutions left?

Here in America is the world of today, and all the prerequisites for the world of tomorrow. Here there are freshness and vitality, resources that have not yet been tapped, an utter absence of decay. America's resilience and freedom from prejudice are the very opposite of the fatigue, the jaded "wisdom" across the sea. At the risk of voicing a complete commonplace I must admit that I feel at least ten years younger since I am here. I should like to wager that most of my fellow exiles have had the same experience.

America looks exactly as Europe ought to look—and if Europe ever is to regain a semblance of its old aspect this can happen only through the aid of America. More is at stake than merely sending airplanes and destroyers to England. With the aid of such armaments England—today not only the outpost of Europe but also of America—may succeed in preventing the final collapse of Europe. But the material and cultural reconstruction of Europe is unthinkable without America.

I firmly believe that the political and cultural refugees who have found asylum in America have the bounden duty to blend their European traditions with American culture into a richer life. Only the performance of this task will entitle them to take part in America's reconstruction of a new Europe.

THE EXILED WRITERS

(*Continued from page* 5)

off like we exiled writers are, we are too well off than the writers in France."

Still others of the exiles (many of whom are in France) are deriving their sap from a root-ground altogether different from that of a Romains, or a Werfel, or an Auden, or a Kisch. The new roots of these writers have been driven deep into the bomb-torn, blood-drenched soil of the contemporary scene. In a letter from a concentration camp, Friedrich Wolf wrote: "Now, I have received here impressions unforgettable for a writer. I am not complaining. I would only like to bring into being my two other scenarios; the first about Dr. Niemöller, the anti-Hitlerian Protestant minister, who now has been held more than two years in concentration camps; the other, Lilo, the girl student, the first young woman whom Hitler had beheaded. To work, to work in my profession like an anti-Hitlerian writer! . . . I want to work as a writer today. Later, I shall be truly dead."

Lion Feuchtwanger's "Paris Gazette" has related the struggle for an exiles' newspaper in the Paris of 1935 between the Nazis and anti-Nazis. One passage reads: "In the old German language there were two words for the exile: the word 'Recke' which meant simply an outlaw, and the word 'Elend' which meant a man without a country, a miserable creature driven from the land . . . Yes, exile chafes men, makes them small and wretched, makes them elend, but exile also hardens men and makes them great and heroic outlaws, Recken . . . Many hopes both inside and outside the Third Reich were fixed on these emigrants. These outlaws, people thought, were called and chosen to drive out the barbarians who had taken possession of their homes."

These are the pages of a Feuchtwanger come into being out of the bookburnings of the Manns, out of the flights of the Undsets, out of the murders of the Lorcas. The exiles in France, one hundred and fifty men and women, are now facing Lorca's fate or continued internment in the camps. Their varied creative drives, indicated in this article, can only enrich American writing.

The time is growing short for one hundred and fifty men and women, trapped in the French camps. Here, in the United States another group of exiles, one hundred and fifty of them, have received the chance to function again as writers.

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Notes on the Contributors

Hermann Broch ["Ethical Duty," p. 8] is the author of "The Sleepwalkers" and "The Unknown Quantity," both published in this country. Born in Vienna, he began a conventional business career in his father's textile factory. In this connection, he lived and traveled in Czechoslovakia, Alsace, and North America. He did not turn seriously to writing until about the age of forty. He came to the United States several years ago.

Pearl Buck, who received the Nobel Prize for Literature in November, 1938, was born in West Virginia, of a missionary family. She lived in China for many years, teaching in various Chinese universities from 1921 on. Her books include "The Good Earth," "Sons," "The Mother," a translation of the Chinese classic, "All Men Are Brothers," "House of Earth," "The Patriot," and, most recently, "Other Gods."

Erich Kahler ["Collectividualists," p. 8] was a historian and scientist of wide reputation in Europe. He was born in Prague, and studied in Vienna, Heidelberg, and Munich. About twenty-five years he took part in a famous controversy with the economist, Max Weber, on the meaning and purpose of science. He lived in Munich, Prague, and Switzerland, and his books include the outstanding "Der Deutsche Charakter in der Geschichte Europas," "Israel unter den Völkern," and "Der Beruf der Wissenschaft." Dr. Kahler came to the United States in 1938, and is now living in Princeton.

André Maurois ["Men of Good Will," p. 6] has twice served in the French army as liaison officer with the British forces. A native of Normandy, educated at Rouen, his first book came out in 1918 as the result of material which he had collected during his service as an army officer. "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" became an overnight success, and from this followed biographies—of Shelley, Byron, Disraeli, and Voltaire. Captain André Maurois was in Belgium last spring with the British forces; from there he was sent on a mission to London. After the French armistice, he was demobilized, and reached this country via Canada. His "Tragedy in France" was published two weeks ago.

Maurice Maeterlinck [Poem, "Serre Chaude," p. 7] was born in Ghent (Belgium), but moved in 1887 to Paris, where the influence of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and the French symbolists shaped his development as a poet. Up to the time of the first World War Maeterlinck's work was characterized by a mystical interpretation of human life expressed in a simple, carefully-pruned style. He returned to live in Belgium, and wrote a play about the then German occupation of his country. Maeterlinck has long been known to the English-reading public through translations of "The Blue Bird" and "The Life of the Bees," but not so well known is his interest in English literature; he is the author of a translation of "Macbeth" and various essays on Shakespeare.

Hans Alexander Mueller [some of whose woodcuts appear in this issue], arrived in New York City in March, 1937. A native of Nordhausen, Germany, he had worked and taught for nearly twenty years at the Leipzig Academy of Graphic Arts. His first impressions of the United States are charmingly set forth in a small volume, "Woodcuts of New York," published two years ago. Mr. Mueller is now art instructor at Columbia University.

Heinz Pol ["A New Life," p. 7] a native of Berlin, was political editor of the "Vossische Zeitung," and a friend and collaborator of Carl von Ossietzky. Before 1933, he obtained interviews with Hitler, Goebbels, and participated in secret meetings of the Nazi party. On the night of the Reichstag fire, Pol was arrested, but a few days later managed to escape to Czechoslovakia, whence he edited the anti-Nazi "Der Simpl." Persecuted by the Gestapo, he went to Paris in 1936, and engaged in anti-totalitarian journalism until May, 1940, when he was interned by the French Government. He escaped from the camp, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the last French steamer to leave a French port. His "Suicide of a Democracy," dealing with the collapse of France, was just published.

Rudolph Charles von Ripper [etching, p. 11] was born in Klausenburg, Transylvania, the son of a general in the Austrian Army. He studied in Salzburg, Vienna, Düsseldorf, and Berlin, and was well known in Parisian and Berlin art circles. Leaving Germany when Hitler came to power, he was arrested and imprisoned in Oranienburg, whence he was released through the intervention of the Austrian Government. He then lived in Majorca and in Salzburg, but with the Nazi occupation of Austria imminent, he was forced to flee. He arrived in the United States in February, 1938. Mr. von Ripper has held two one-man shows in New York City at the A. C. A. galleries; some of his work has been acquired by the Museum of Modern Art and the New York Public Library. The Bignou Gallery will soon show a series of etchings entitled "The Body and Soul of John Brown."

To Americans Jules Romains ["Democracy's Sin," p. 6] is well-known as the author of the "Men of Good Will" sequence, but in France his dramatic pieces and writing in the field of psychic-scientific research are immediately connected with his name. In 1908 he published "La Vie Unanime," in which may be found his philosophy of unanimism, a socio-psychological point of view which underlies his fiction. Romains's research in visual perception led to the monograph "Extra-Retinary Sight," a minor landmark in its day. The farce "Knock," which came out in 1925, was a great theatrical success, and Romains also explored tragic drama in "Le Dictateur" and "Jean le Maufranc." Born Jules-Louis Farigoule at St.-Julien-Chapteuil, in Velay, he spent his childhood and youth in Montmartre, to which readers will refer the background for Louis Bastide's adventures. Romains taught school for about ten years, in the provinces, then settled down in the Belleville quarter of Paris as a serious novelist, moving later to a country place in Touraine.

Princess Paul Sapieha ["The Lessons of Poland," p. 9] was born in New York, and, as Virgilia Peterson Ross, contributed reviews to the *Herald Tribune Books*, and stories to *Harpers* and *Scribner's*. She went from Vassar to the University of Grenoble where she met Prince Paul Sapieha, and, quite a few years later, married him. From 1933 until September 1939, she lived in Poland, and the record of these years was given in the recently-published "Polish Profile."

Georges Schreiber [Gallery of exiles, pp. 16 and 17] was born in Brussels, and studied in Berlin, Düsseldorf, Paris, and London. He came to the United States in 1928 as the country of his chosen adoption. He has crossed to the West Coast four times and his travels in every state were represented at the Exhibition, "The Panorama of America," held by the Associated American Artists a year or so ago. He won the Tuthill Prize at Chicago in 1932, and his work is in the Metropolitan, Whitney, and Brooklyn Museums.

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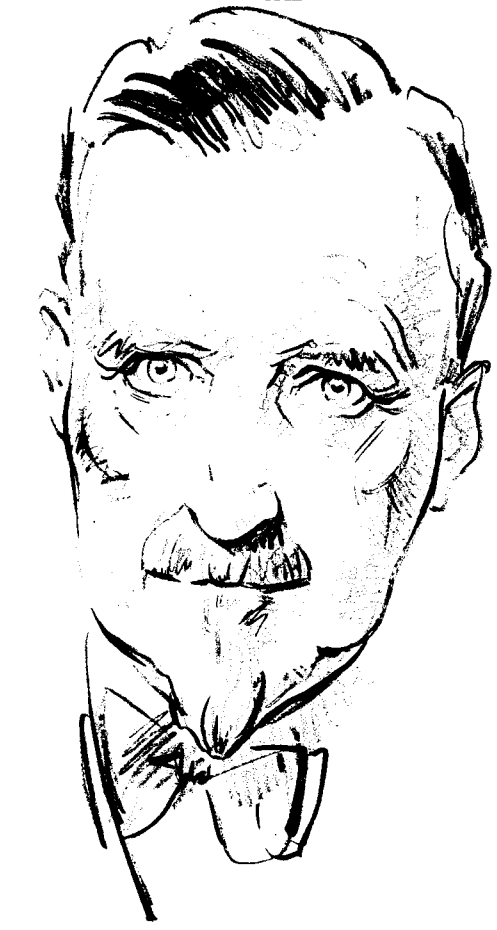

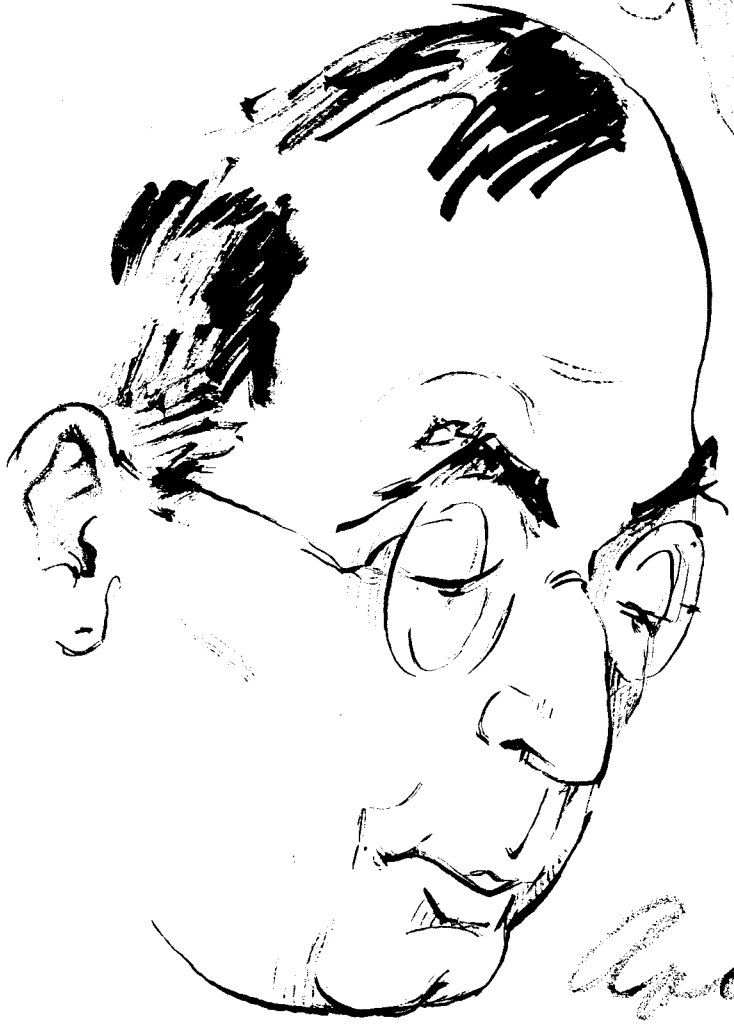

A GALLERY

By

Georges Schreiber

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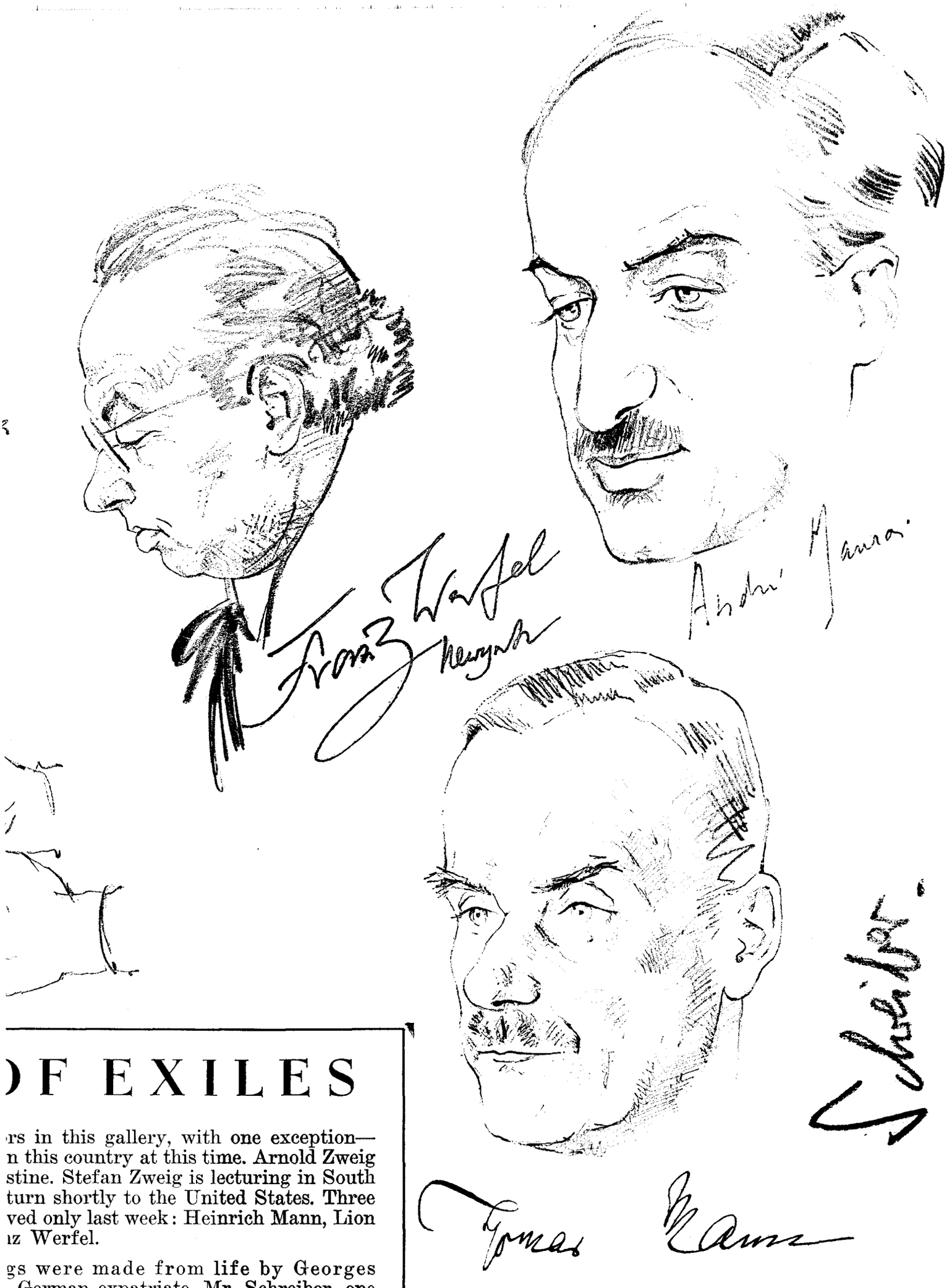

)F EXILES

ɾs in this gallery, with one exception—
n this country at this time. Arnold Zweig
stine. Stefan Zweig is lecturing in South
turn shortly to the United States. Three
ved only last week: Heinrich Mann, Lion
ɪz Werfel.

gs were made from life by Georges
German expatriate. Mr. Schreiber, one
ts of our day, is the author of "Portraits

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Freddie Benson's Story

FINAL EDITION. By E. F. Benson. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1940. 304 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS must be one of the most modest, most charming, and most sympathetic autobiographies ever written. E. F.—Freddie—Benson grew mellow as he grew old. The satiric imp, which gave pleasant shocks to the nineties when he wrote "Dodo" and "The Babe, B.A.," still moved him as he portrayed the emotional contours of Lucia and the malice of Miss Mapp; but he had years ago exorcised that imp from any share in his personal life.

It is hard to realize that the last of the brilliant Bensons is dead, that the stock of the fiery, passionate Archbishop and the wise understanding Mary Benson, his wife—sister to the Victorian philosopher Henry Sidgwick, has now no representative. In their day Arthur Christopher, Monsignor Hugh, E. F. and their sister Margaret made great displacement in later Victorian and Edwardian England; of them all E. F. was most genuinely the man of letters, though all four had the enviable gift of an effortless, natural style and never lacked material for its employment.

E. F. Benson makes light of his own talent. He had a friend with whom he lived on vacation in Capri in the days before Compton Mackenzie had set his match to Vestal Fires, before Norman Douglas had captured the South Wind. This friend spent a long and laborious life in translating, first Heredia's sonnets, then some epigrams from the Greek Anthology, practising, in the intervals, the mastering of Beethoven on the piano. Unfortunately his playing was as bad as his piano, while his translations lacked everything but industry. Yet Brooks thought he was a master. Maddened and saddened by this complacency E. F. one year—it was after the war—seriously weighed his own output of thirty years. He reread his novels and—"I had forgotten how poor they were." He exempted only four—"The Luck of the Vails," "Sheaves," "The Climber," and "David Blaize"; in these he found "emotional imagination," while as for the precious Lucia books, they were not offered as "examples of serious fiction. They had no more to do with it than a game of marbles."

The verdict is much too severe; but just because E. F. was the kind of man who could make it, the kind of man who knew, as Rudyard Kipling knew, how rare is literary immortality, his books find readers who are shy of other novelists, as being too pretentious or too literary. In his biographical studies he escaped, when he wrote of the family, the consummate facility of his brother Arthur; while the study of Charlotte Brontë is not likely to be excelled for depth and an understanding of that uncomfortable genius's tragi-comic difficulties.

"Final Edition" has no hero, and no heroine after the death of E. F.'s mother. E. F. writes with rare delicacy on the mental illness which overwhelmed his sister, and of the neurasthenia which so often attacked Arthur. The Benson family had a talent for attachment without great affection in the family, except for Mrs. Benson whose humor and sanctity held them more closely together than would any emotional appeal.

When E. F. Benson ended his career as denizen of Lamb House, Mayor of Rye and Freeman of the Borough, he had come back to long familiar ground. For at Lamb House Henry James had dictated the great later novels; to James young Benson had sent "Dodo" in manuscript, and was told it was

(*Continued on page* 20)

Distinguished European authors of current Viking books

LION FEUCHTWANGER
In *Paris Gazette*, his latest novel, he writes movingly of a group of exiles in Paris just before the war and their dramatic conflict with the forces of Nazism. Writers, artists, newspaper men, statesmen, great ladies, and financiers carry on their conflicting lives in the world of the great salons, in the high places of diplomacy, in the mansions, on the boulevards, in garrets and hovels. "Feuchtwanger's finest story...his most timely interpretation...his most dramatic work."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

JEAN GIONO
Joy of Man's Desiring, his recent novel, increases his fame.

LOUIS GOLDING
The World I Knew is the memoir of a beloved novelist.

JAMES JOYCE
His great career reached its peak with *Finnegans Wake.*

H. W. KATZ
Youngest of the exiles, his coming novel is *No. 21 Castle St.*

HAROLD J. LASKI
His social plan for British victory will appear in November.

RICHARD ALDINGTON
His memoirs will appear early in the new year.

ROGER MARTIN DU GARD
His world epic, *Summer 1914*, appears here next year.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN
Come Back to Erin carries on a great career in Irish letters.

FELIZIA SEYD
Her *Romantic Rebel* brings to life George Sand and her age.

HOWARD SPRING
His forthcoming *Fame is the Spur* excels *My Son, My Son!*

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
She weaves exquisite, satiric fables in *The Cat's Cradle-Book.*

FRANZ WERFEL
His greatest novel since *The Forty Days* is *Embezzled Heaven*, coming in November.

REBECCA WEST
Her magnificent work on Yugoslavia is nearing completion.

STEFAN ZWEIG
His coming *Tide of Fortune* records 12 great historic events.

THE VIKING PRESS, New York

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MASTERS IN EXILE

THOMAS MANN

"The greatest living man of letters," winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929, his exile from his native country was at first voluntary. As a man of world culture and humanitarian viewpoint he could not stomach a Germany dominated by Nazism, so removed to Switzerland after the Reichstag fire in 1933. Soon his exile was made official and permanent, the University of Bonn deprived him of his honorary degree and his works were proscribed. He came to the United States early in 1938 to lecture; he remained to take residence at Princeton, to apply for American citizenship and to occupy himself increasingly with the trend of world affairs in his lectures and such political writings as *The Coming Victory of Democracy, This Peace* and *This War*. Thus he has achieved a moral leadership unique among writers today.

Yet his creative work is not abandoned. To the mighty stream of novels including *Buddenbrooks, The Magic Mountain,* and the monumental *Joseph* series he has this year made a distinguished addition, a superb picture of what being a genius does to a human being,

THE BELOVED RETURNS

$2.50

SIGRID UNDSET

The greatest literary figure of Scandinavia, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928, Madame Undset fled from Norway only when German troops were at her gates. Her books had been banned in Germany, her eldest son had died for his country's freedom, she herself had urged resistance to the invader and had worked for the government. The story of her flight through the snows of a Norwegian spring, of her temporary haven in Sweden, of her long journey across Siberia and the Pacific to this country, has been told elsewhere. She is now engaged on a lecture tour which will take her to all parts of the United States.

To this the fury of war has brought a noble human being whose life has hitherto been given to the quiet doing of good, the search for truth, and the creation of such masterly novels as *The Master of Hestviken* and the incomparable *Kristin Lavransdatter*. To these she has just added a new novel, a story of the eighteenth century revealing anew the sturdy independent spirit of the Norwegian people,

MADAME DORTHEA

$2.50

JULES ROMAINS

Author of *Men of Good Will,* International President of the PEN Club, he has been recognized for years as the outstanding writer of France and one of its greatest citizens, whose voice has been listened to with respect in all the affairs of his country. As observant world traveler, as intimate of statesmen and intellectual leaders, he has had rare opportunities to grasp that broad picture of European life so magnificently presented in his major work. His liberal sympathies, long known and often proclaimed, have made it impossible for him to remain in a land dominated by Nazi arms and Nazi ideas.

The extent of M. Romains' knowledge of international developments and the forces behind them might have been guessed from *Men of Good Will*. The facts behind that knowledge, the startling account of his confidential role in diplomatic negotiations that might have changed the course of history, will be revealed in full in his new book — not a novel but a factual statement of his own part in shaping the destiny of the world —to be published in November,

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE

$2.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 501 MADISON AVE · N · Y

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(*Continued from page* 19)

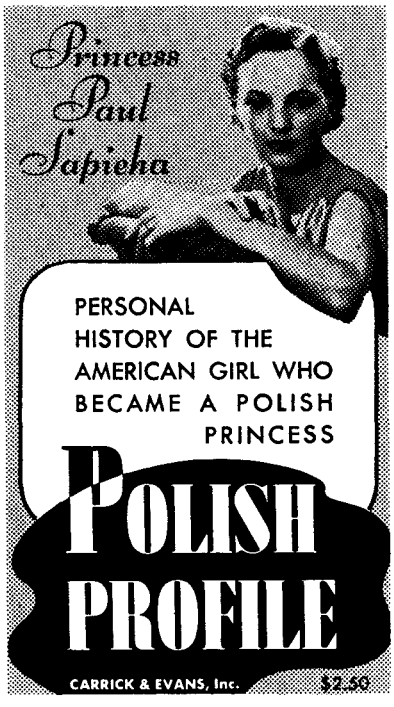
"lively" but not "ferociously literary." The same mentor, when E. F. had come from a game of golf, said to him, "Some beflagged jampots, I understand, my dear Fred, let into the soil at long but varying distances. A swoop, a swing, a flourish of steel, a dormy." As a specimen of a different style of literary conversation, there is Marie Corelli's indignant complaint, "I hate publicity and yet the papers are always coupling my name and Hall Caine together, who is always advertising himself. As for knowing him, we've never met.

Readers of Edwardian memoirs will recognize many of the figures who move through these pages—Sir George

E. F. Benson

Lewis, Lord Battersea, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Irving, Joseph Choate, Edgar Speyer, Axel Munthe, Mary Cholmondeley, Edward VII, and Lord Halifax. But I prefer E. F. Benson's recollections of lesser lights. There is the Scotch lady who lived at Capri and had for her task to bathe a hundred times in the sea each summer, "well wrapped up in a thick serge suit." Or Miss Victoria Grosvenor who wrote to Mrs. Benson, to announce that "she had crossed the Rubicon, and gone to a popular concert, unattended!"

E. F. Benson was not a great novelist, but his autobiography is useful—just as F. Anstey's was—as a reminder that intimate, natural contact with ordinary people, and unliterary avocations will do more for a man's work than years of self-conscious study.


Princess Paul Sapieha
PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO BECAME A POLISH PRINCESS
POLISH PROFILE
CARRICK & EVANS, Inc.
$2.50

Attention, A. H.

LETTERS FROM THE CORSICAN. Anonymous. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 179 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by M. E. TRACY

THIS book consists of twenty-two letters supposedly written by Napoleon Bonaparte to Adolf Hitler, in just such a shrewd, satirical, patronizing style as the Corsican might have used. It is an interesting contribution to that steadily growing volume of wishful thought and prophetic deduction by which democratic writers are trying to kill Hitlerism with the typewriter and printing press.

Whoever acted as Napoleon's ghost writer in this particular instance did an excellent job. He is not only familiar with the latter's career and style, but uses both effectively to pick out weak spots in the Fuehrer's technique. To make the picture more realistic, he does not hesitate to point out weak spots on the other side.

> No, my dear brother, do not let the Americans deceive you. They would rather trick you than fight you, but if fight you they must, then fight you they will, and they will fight like fiends incarnate. They will not enjoy fighting, and they will grumble about their officers, grumble about their generals—who are a sorry lot, I must confess—grumble about their food, grumble about their equipment, grumble about the weather, grumble about man, and grumble about God, but end by doing their duty and dying with reasonable cheerfulness in the hope of going to a tradesman's heaven where they can buy cheap and sell dear for all eternity.

Referring to the loyalty of Allies, he says:

> How long will Mussolini be loyal to you? There is no need, my brother, for you to reply since we both know the answer. Has it not been said: "What need have I for an enemy, if I have an Italian for a friend?"

And so one might go on, with scores of punchful excerpts, but these are enough to suggest both styling and approach. If words could penetrate a soul like that of Hitler's, this book would cause him serious, if not mortal pain. Unfortunately, words are powerless to meet the kind of crusade he is leading. They keep up the morale of those opposed, but beyond that they are of little avail.

M. E. Tracy is the author of "Our Country, Our People, and Theirs," and "New World Challenge to Imperialism."

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An Ordinary Man

TIGER TIGER. By Max White. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 357 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

MAX WHITE'S novel is so good a book that if it were a little better, if, that is, its occasional ineptitudes were either smoothed out or left out, it would be one of the decade's most spectacular achievements in American fiction. As it stands, it is a piece of work far above the level of ordinary competence, unmistakably the product of an authentic talent serving real intelligence. Its faults are exasperating because the reader wants no faults at all, but they are minor distractions in no way damaging the success of the essential project. In his main task Mr. White has succeeded completely, and his task has been one of the most difficult a writer can undertake. He has written a novel about a painter and his painter is not only marvellously credible but continually interesting. His hero, John Martin, is an ordinary man among ordinary men, living a life neither bizarre nor shocking.

John Martin is eighteen years old when his story opens, the son of a hare-brained Irish mother with whom he lives in an apartment on Ninth Avenue and a Spanish father who left his wife years before but has continued to support her. John started to draw at the age of four, managed later, to attend art school, and, as the book begins, is setting out to study in Paris, thanks to the generosity of a rich and perceptive lady. He spends a year in Paris, laboriously teaching himself to paint in oils; he goes to Madrid to look at pictures in the Prado, and works relentlessly to clarify and confirm his personal vision. He returns to Paris and presently becomes a great name in Parisian art circles. Back in New York, however, he is unknown and, to dealers, untouchable. The Spanish war begins and John paints an impassioned group of canvases about Spain. They are shown and he gives the proceeds of this show to the Loyalists. His wife finds a good house at the corner of Greenwich and Eleventh streets; they move into it and they go on with their work.

That is all. When told with intelligence and knowledge and courage, with wit and with absolute purity of feeling, it is quite a lot. A certain amateurishness slows the early pages, but with the young painter's sojourn in Spain, Mr. White hits his stride and keeps it and with his sudden return to New York the story continues to mount splendidly. The insight, honesty, and boldness with which Mr. White

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treats John's relation to the left-wing intellectuals all but stun the reader with the force of their rightness, and something which has too long needed saying at last finds voice in John Martin's rage against the critics who, hating his work, dare not withhold their praise of his Spanish show because it is being held to help the Loyalists.

The mental and verbal clichés and the emotional falseness of most fiction about "creative" persons have staled the subject and made it suspect. Mr. White has attacked this tainted material so cleanly and truthfully, with such firm authority and so sure a stroke, that he has made it new again. He writes about the problems of painting, about looking at pictures, about an artist's struggle to find himself as though they had never been written about before.

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Adventures of Curly

TRANSIT U. S. A. By W. L. River. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1940. 355 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

THIS novel might be described as the adventures of Candide in the world of "The Grapes of Wrath." Candide is Curly Martin, a native of Buenavista Island, California, who lives contentedly on the proceeds of his glass-bottomed excursion boat. The trouble begins when the island is taken over by an industrialist. Mister Borland does not aver that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, but before he departs he does promise to leave the islanders undisturbed and to help Curly if ever he needs it. He soon does. The Corporation throws him off the island and sinks his boat. Curly sets forth to find his protector, and the quest, leading from one of the magnate's holdings to another, takes him across the continent. He falls into the company of hobos, half-crazy transients, and a migrant army of the dispossessed, is jailed for vagrancy, impressed into a road-gang, and involved in a milk-strike and an eviction of factory-workers. Through it his faith is undimmed.

It is a picaresque novel with a vengeance. Forlorn and plaintive as a story of a homeless soul, it is, as social protest, effectively underwritten, without heroics, in terms of the simplest emotional denominators, and, in large part, in the conversation of its inarticulate but eloquent characters. The author's solution is expressed in Curly's final realization that he is one of a hundred million who cannot find their answer in the mystical powers of a Mister Borland but must look to themselves.

Mr. River's book is perhaps less important in what it sets out to say, however, than in what it is as a symptom. Its compound of realism and allegorical fantasy leaves one feeling that we are not a people with a dream, but a people with a nightmare. "Transit U.S.A." is the American nightmare, and the sense of being lost in the vast bleakness of the country, among grimy railroad yards, among flophouses and cheap saloons and roadside stands, comfortless, neon-lighted streets, and open highways has seldom been more tellingly conveyed. The author has an ear both for the terse cynicism of native speech and the lonely wail of a distant locomotive. If the overtones of his novel are at all true to life—then there is something wrong with our nation that no social thinker we have heard from yet has satisfactorily explained.

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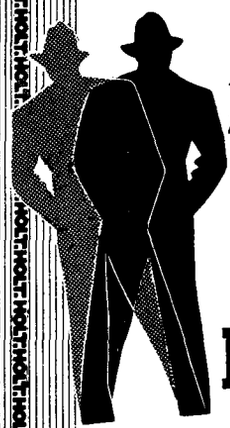

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Babbittian Congeries

SPANISH CHARACTER. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1940. 361 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

AS a critic of literature the late Irving Babbitt had the virtue of complete consistency. For the leader of a literary crusade the rest of his armament, an erudition sufficient to impress without dismaying the moderately well read, a store of tepid invective, a pawky professorial irony, and an insensitiveness to the values of emotional suggestion in poetry which few even among professors of English ever attain, looked less formidable. But once he had compounded his critical touchstone from French anti-romanticism, late Puritan morality, and one of the seventeen standard Western versions of the teachings of Siddhartha, he applied it unsparingly, and if some of his contemporaries felt that he dealt with them as if they were all Frog-footmen, at least no one who listened—and most people listened—could mistake what he was about. By simplification and emphasis and consistent repetition, Professor Babbitt, single-handed, made the New Humanism into a school — almost a Movement — and achieved a clarity in the statement of its principles after which the best efforts of his followers read like blurred carbon copies. The devout, therefore, will want to add this seventh volume to their shelf of the works of the master, and the curious may want to look into it.

To put it together, publisher and literary executor have scraped the bottom of the drawer and recovered three pieces from the *Atlantic* written in 1898 and 1899 before Babbitt had found his stride, a half dozen book reviews from *The Nation,* cir. 1910-20, when he was just dropping into it, and four occasional addresses from his last decade, combative restatements of the case for seeing life steadily and whole and in not too sharp a focus. Probably Babbitt would not have republished these pieces while he lived, though probably he would have repeated their substance, as in some instances indeed he had done. Nevertheless, except as prose, they represent him almost as adequately as any of his six volumes previously published, his virtues: a dry clarity, much commonsense about life if not about literature, and a kind of deliberate nobility of thought, bleak but not unattractive, and his defects: chiefly a bluntness of taste and sympathy which he never made any effort to conceal. It is the reward as well as the penalty of consistency that one book may represent the writer about as well as another. To this miscellany there is appended a pious bibliography, from which no printed scrap however anonymous and fugitive seems to have escaped, and—no less—a careful index to the Collected Works. One can think of other American writers for whom this aid to study would be more welcome, but perhaps Professor Babbitt deserves an index. He was, after all, we can see now, the chief man of a faction which made quite a stir in its time.

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TRANSPORTATION IN FICTION

There have been many famous travelers in literature, and some of them have used extremely unusual methods of transportation. From the descriptions given, can you recall the names of the travelers? Allow 5 points for each one, and another 5 if you can also name the story in which each one appears. A score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. Fastened to the claw of a huge bird, this famous sailor was carried to a valley of diamonds.
2. This farmer boy made the earliest as well as the shortest non-stop airplane flight in fiction.
3. By fastening bird feathers to their shoulders with wax, this father and son managed to fly from their prison.
4. Their heads are green and their hands are blue and they went to sea in a sieve.
5. By saying, "Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum," the crippled owner of a magic traveling cloak was able to float through the air with the greatest of ease.
6. On a snow sledge equipped with sails, this world traveler went 200 miles from Fort Kearney to Omaha in five hours.
7. This little boy, on being swallowed by a dog-fish as big as a five-storied house, discovered that his father had been living quite comfortably in the fish's stomach for two years.
8. While confined in a huge bird-cage which had been remodeled into a living room, he was carried out to sea by a huge eagle and dropped 200 leagues from shore.
9. This trio of herring-fishers went out to sea in a wooden shoe.
10. In a sphere covered with a gravity-resistant substance called Cavorite, this scientist made a voyage to the moon from which he never returned.

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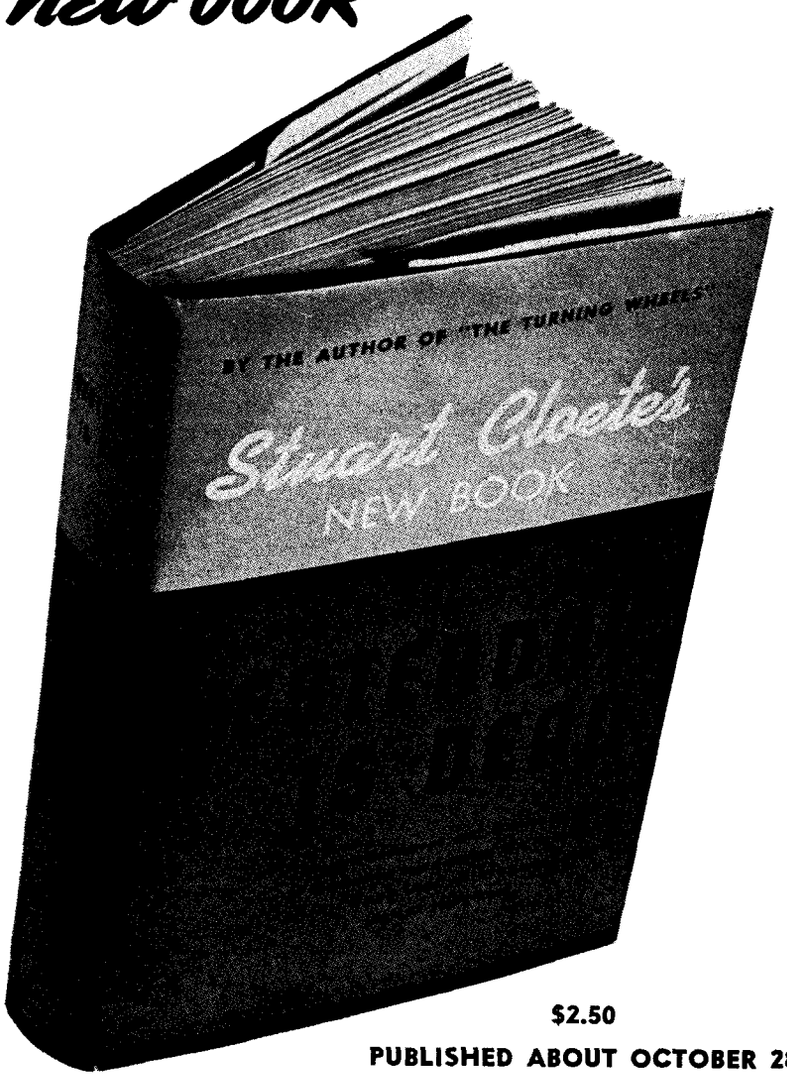

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Hamlet Leads the Revolution

THE FIELDS OF PARADISE. By Ralph Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 382 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THIS novel attempts to present the Mexican agrarian revolution in microcosm: the story of a single village—semi-tropical San Lorenzo—flaring into blind revolt against the rich hacendado, with his broad acres, and his political henchmen. Although the book is a sort of revolutionary miracle play, Mr. Bates is far too accomplished a writer to allow his sermon to crowd his action or his characters into a corner. The thesis is plain enough: successful revolt against oppression, a tender philosophical explanation of the inevitable resultant dissensions, and a hymn to the necessity of collective labor if the new freedom is to be profitably preserved.

Almost any Mexican village at some time during the past twenty years would have provided as startling episodes as those woven into Bates's intricate pattern. In his stimulating book "America: Novel without Novelists," South America's leading literary critic, Luis Alberto Sánchez, argues that in countries such as Mexico, life has been so constantly hectic, vivid, and ruthless that southern writers have felt little urge toward strong fictional utterance. In Mexico the materials for grandiose or at least Grand Guignol fiction—violence, cruelty, romance, beauty, class-struggle—are so ready-made that the average storyteller could easily fall into too naive acceptance.

Not so Bates. He accepts none of Mexico's prodigal gifts without due measure. Carefully he strains the native fruits through his remarkable literary sieve and labels his jelly with artifice. Not that he spurns the dramatic. There are memorable scenes, and the novel rises through an atmosphere of growing menace to the powerful climax of the prison-break, the peasant assault on the I-Am-Laughing tavern, the mounting flames of burning buildings, all promptly followed by an intimate if rocky love-scene—a literal reference, for the nuptial couch consists of sharp rocks.

All this occurs little more than half way through the book. Suspense is heightened by making the leader, a journeyman maker and vender of fireworks for fiestas, a relative stranger to the town, so that the complex threads, both the personal lives of the various characters and of the forces at work in the village are revealed piecemeal as the action progresses. Although the remainder of the volume, after the social fireworks have exploded, is taken up with elaborate parables on fear and driving out the money-changers from the temple, with philosophical harangues on the fatuity of personal power, heated theological argumentation, and recondite dialectic, even so, Bates has an eerie way of distilling out eternal moments into a flask that seems motionless yet that one knows must surely explode. Suspense is thus further maintained by postponing the happy ending for two hundred pages of post-victory disputes, a near mass attack on the church, and the threat of a counter blow from armed forces assembled by the uncle of the murdered *hacendado*. The lengthy hamletic doubts of the chieftain of revolt help sustain the uncertainty of the outcome.

Bates's mellow philosophizing is remote indeed from the stark reality of *"Los de Abajo"* ("The Underdogs") by the native Mexican novelist, Mariano Azuela. As a matter of fact, Bates's story is not so much the record of the Mexican revolution as of "The Revolution" intellectualized. It is incidental that the setting happens to be Mexico, and though it will seem alien indeed to most Americans, at few points did I have any feeling that it was an authentic picture of Mexico or Mexicans, or even an authentic picture of peasants.

None of these comments should leave the impression that this is not a superior novel. It is full of wisdom and haunting beauty; it is very gripping; and its style is subtle and unique. It is written by a man who has seen and experienced much and has pondered the meaning of human conflicts deeply.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sinbad the Sailor, his second voyage, in *The Arabian Nights.*
2. Darius Green, in *Darius Green and His Flying Machine,* by John Townsend Trowbridge.
3. Daedalus and Icarus, in Greek Mythology.
4. *The Jumblies,* by Edward Lear.
5. Prince Dolor, in *The Little Lame Prince,* by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.
6. Phileas Fogg, in *Around the World in 80 Days,* by Jules Verne.
7. *Pinocchio,* by Carlo Collodi.
8. Gulliver, in the voyage to Broodingnag, in *Gulliver's Travels,* by Jonathan Swift.
9. *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod,* by Eugene Field.
10. Cavor, in *The First Men in the Moon,* by H. G. Wells.

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France Under Napoleon III

THE SECOND EMPIRE. By Octave Aubry. Translated by Arthur Livingston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1940. 638 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

M. OCTAVE AUBRY has had a career perhaps unique in modern letters. Having made a name for himself as a successful historical novelist, he turned some years ago to historical research, and produced a book on Napoleon at St. Helena which won acclaim even from French academic historians, a group disposed by professional training to regard a *romancier* as an untouchable. An excellent biography of the Empress Eugènie prepared the way for this latest book, a full-length study of the second Empire. M. Aubry has succeeded in living down his past, and is now a full member of the guild of historians.

His success, fortunately, has not meant repudiating entirely the gifts that made him a good novelist. He can, and does, still tell a story with a skill which most academic historians, laboring under their load of social sciences, and fearful of compromising their reputations as scholars, rarely achieve. The story of Napoleon III, always worth telling for its dramatic, and indeed sometimes melodramatic interest, is especially worth telling in these days, when a whole new crop of Caesars and Napoleons seems to be flourishing as unshakably as did Louis Napoleon himself in the first years of his dictatorship. M. Aubry wrote well before the outbreak of the present war. He makes no effort to draw analogies or parallels with current events. But the reader may draw his own, if only to comfort himself. This book, and the admirable history of the Third Republic by D. W. Brogan which by a happy accident appears at the same time, will help to remind him of something apparently forgotten by many of our commentators on the news. The Germans wrote *finis Galliae* once before—and at Sedan. But it was not the end of France.

M. Aubry's book is perhaps the best account of these twenty years of French history available in a single volume. It is not as witty as Mr. Guedalla's "Second Empire," but it is much meatier, more restrained, and it is much less allusive. Indeed, M. Aubry has unobtrusively solved one of the great problems confronting a historian thoroughly, directly, almost intuitively familiar with the minute details of his period: he has so sifted and arranged his material that the reader is never confused, never halted by cross-references and cross-currents. His book will not puzzle even an American relatively ignorant of French history. His battles are understandable (though a few maps would have helped), his diplomatic history makes sense—but not too much sense, which would be to falsify the facts—and his people come to life under epithets which just escape being strained. There is just enough conscious literary skill to make things move—and moving; but the necessary restraint is there, and the episode of Maximilian in Mexico, for instance, which in unskilled hands can be made insufferably sentimental, is told with the dignity it can bear. A long chapter on "Society under the Second Empire" brings in skillfully the kind of social and intellectual history our modern notions demand of the historian, and a brief conclusion sums up and judges the place of the second Empire in French history.

Like so many others who have studied Napoleon III, M. Aubry comes out in the end liking him. It is not an unqualified admiration. M. Aubry clearly has no fondness for dictatorship. He believes that modern France has been marked by her past as in some sense essentially democratic. He thinks that the second Empire was an unsuccessful imitation of the first, an historical accident. He thinks that Napoleon III made many mistakes, that he chose inept subordinates, that he lacked administrative ability, that he was muddle-headed, at once an idealist and an unprincipled schemer, that notably in foreign affairs he pursued incompatible ends that were bound to bring him to disaster. But he insists that Louis Napoleon's faults and weaknesses are redeemed by his fundamental trait of greatness; unlike his apparently successful rival Bismarck, Louis Napoleon saw beyond the narrow nationalism of his day—and, alas, of ours—into a Europe and a world organized as a commonwealth above war. Perhaps. Louis Napoleon's uncle, too, dreamed of the "peace and order of Europe"—at St. Helena.

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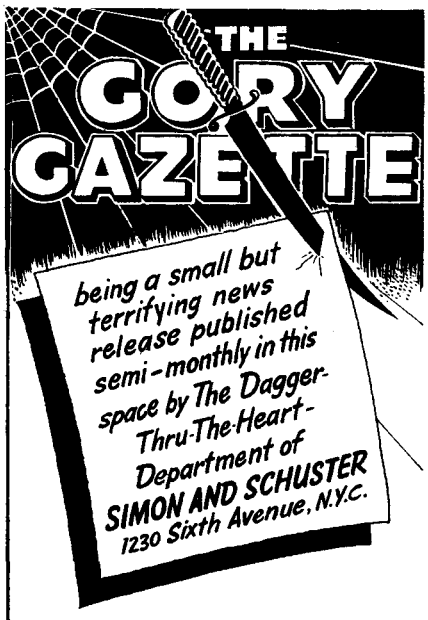
THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published semi-monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette, like any good newspaper, has been looking around for ways to improve itself, if possible.

It's possible.

For one thing, we discover, upon analysis of our competitors, that they have Policies. *The Gory Gazette's* colleague, *The New York Times*, has a whole bunch of Policies—and see what a good thing they've made of it.

There's no reason why we shouldn't have some, too. So here they are. *The Gory Gazette* (we repeat this firmly!) will carry no advertising but its own. No powerful pressure group will influence its editorial opinions—just a little pressure group consisting of mystery lovers at SIMON AND SCHUSTER. And there won't be a single adjective of praise written by the Editor for the Inner Sanctum Mysteries mentioned.

That doesn't mean we can't quote other people's adjectives. In fact, we're dying to.

For instance, *The New York Times* has this to say about *The Goose Is Cooked* by Emmett Hogarth: "It's a clever, hard, swift-shooting tale, with a sharp zest of its own." And *Dorothy Kilgallen* adds: "Something to sit up at night with."

O.K. But here's more news (that pressure group is after us!).

Just published—with considerable off-stage cheering—is

SING A SONG OF HOMICIDE
by James R. Langham

In it Special Investigator Sammy Abbott, hampered by his adoring wife Ethel, solves a twin killing in a California city rife with political skullduggery.

And *The Gory Gazette* would not be dealing fairly with its readers if it didn't add that anyone who is reading this column when he could be reading *Sing A Song of Homicide* and/or *The Goose Is Cooked* is frittering away his time.

The second Friday every month is Inner Sanctum Mystery Day*

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH AT HER ELBOW *Donald Clough Cameron* (Holt: $2.)	Greenwich Village slayings laid at feet of trouble-attracting ad-agency girl. Peter Gore of Homicide Squad handles case frostily.	Promiscuous love-lives of various Villagers thoroughly ventilated in well-written, amply thrilling, but curiously unconvincing tale.	Readable
MURDERER'S VANITY *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Anonymous letter-writer taunts pudgy sleuth Mappin of impending Manhattan murder, commits same, and is finally tracked to lair.	Literary life of metropolis imaginatively portrayed, plot with ten tails chases them all merrily, and everything is satisfactorily washed up.	Ho hum
WHILE THE WIND HOWLED *Audrey Gaines* (Crowell: $2.)	Poison slays Marylander it wasn't meant for. Nurse Carrie and sleuth O'Day, whose stomach trembles, solve many faceted case.	Plenitude of nasty characters, much ill-fated romance, blackmail, bloody doings in the snow, and not too surprising finish.	Good average
MURDER IN THE MIST *Zelda Popkin* (Lippincott: $2.)	Detectives Mary Carner and husband, fog-bound on honeymoon, stop at Cape Ann and run smack into gruesome double murder.	Overtones of witchcraft, eccentric crowd of female summer visitors, blundering local cops, fatally clairvoyant old gent, and logical but appalling finish.	Quite worthwhile
NINE—AND DEATH MAKES TEN *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Small passenger list of explosive-burdened trans-Atlantic steamer includes elusive murderer and Sir Henry Merrivale, to whom unsolvable problems are pie.	Customarily excellent Dickson example of turning the incredible into cold fact. Story runs a bit thin, but tops its class as baffler.	Ingenious
MURDER IN THE MAKING *Herman Peterson* (McBride: $2.)	Native returning to boyhood village meets lovely female iceberg and promptly plunges into mass-murder solved by local Doc.	Suspects violently eliminated one by one until killer is pretty obvious. Ending satisfies justice in slightly orthodox fashion.	Run-of-the-mill
THE YELLOW ANGELS *Henry Edward Helseth* (Harpers: $2.)	Angry politico railroads innocent youngster to noxious jail. Story describes youthful convict's descent to Avernus and final delivery.	Rather roughly hewn, and occasionally bathetic, but effectively thrilling yarn of life as possibly endured in some U. S. prisons.	Thriller
BLUE MASK VICTORIOUS *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	Friend calls in Blue Mask to watch valuable gems of Irish peeress. They vanish, and cracksman-watcher has parlous time.	Blackouted English country house and village inn scenes of gunplay, dexterous burglary, and similar Baronial diversions.	For Rafflesquians

The SRL in Literary History

FIVE YEARS AGO: (Oct. 19)

In The Clearing House department, Amy Loveman suggests that foreigners who are anxious to understand America turn to May Lamberton Becker's series of "Golden Tales." "There's one for 'Our America,' one for New England, one for the Old South, and one for the Prairie States. They are all collections of stories chosen to convey the spirit of the sections they depict." Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," is reviewed by Elmer Davis. "Brethren, it could happen here," says Mr. Davis.

TEN YEARS AGO: (Oct. 18)

Among the important books discussed were "China: the Collapse of a Civilization," by Nathaniel Peffer, "Tortured China," by Hallett Abend, "History of Russia," by M. P. Pokrovsky, and "The Soviets in World Affairs," by Louis Fischer. Books on the war included "The Real War," by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, "The Coming of the War: 1914," by Bernadott E. Schmitt, and "Origins of the World War," by S. B. Fay.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO: (Oct. 17)

In A Letter from Paris, Louise Morgan Sill reports that "around the precincts of the Café de la Rotonde and the Café du Dome gather students from all over the world—painters and revolutionists."

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

To R. S.

And when the autumn came he died. He knew
He was to die. Waves from a distant storm
Came in to break on rocks still warm
With summer sun. The rising planet drew
Its azimuth across a bay still blue.
The grass, less green by day, less black at night,
Bent to a wind. Birds took allotted flight.
Another outpost of the day withdrew.

Summer was picking up her things to go.
He said, "We go together?" Summer looked,
Saw who had spoken, smiled, and kindly crooked
His arm through hers: "You thought I did not know?
We go, my hand on yours, yours on my breast,
I for a little, you for a longer rest."

C. P. C. Jr.

A BOOK that looks to Old Q. extraordinarily interesting is *Psychology of English* by Margaret Bryant and Janet Aiken (of Brooklyn College and Columbia University respectively). ☞What is surely exceptional among professors of English, these ladies realize that the processes of language and grammar are not always amenable to logic, and that human emotions take charge of grammatical paradigms. We were a little dashed to find the authors succumbing (in their introduction) to the so prevalent "currently" (for now); but perhaps part of their thesis is that language does well to submit to large subconscious habits. Anyhow this Grammarians' Funeral looks as though it might be a valuable vinegar-split on the rockbound minds of philology. (Columbia Univ. Press, $2.50).

★ ★

☞The new series of Book & Author Luncheons at the Hotel Astor will begin Oct. 29, with André Maurois, Jan Struther, and Noel Coward as speakers; Irita Van Doren as chairman. Tickets ($2.25 for both lunch and literacy) at local bookstores or from American Booksellers Ass., 35 East 20, GRamercy 5-6660. ☞An unusual Envelope Stuffer was the leaf of a ginkgo tree, clipped to a letter from the American Forestry Association. The ginkgo was preserved from extinction by Buddhist monks; now, our foresters tell us, the American elm is attacked by a blight and if not rescued may go the way of the chestnut. The A.F.A. recommends its book *Knowing Your Trees* by G. H. Collingwood; it is too high minded to mention the price of same, but one can write to Executive Secretary Ovid Butler, A.F.A., 919 17 St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

★ ★

☞Dodd Mead will publish on Oct. 22 *The Trojan Horse in America* by Martin Dies. Chapter I is entitled "The Whole World Becomes a Modern Troy," which reminds us of the obscure and enigmatic serial this Review published three years ago, saying just that. ☞To which most readers replied, So what. ☞No literary historian of Now can consider his files complete without the unusual Export Number (Sept. 7) of the London Times Literary Supplement. We are grateful to P. M. Stone (Waltham, Mass.) for sending us a copy. That issue was particularly devoted to the attempt to win wider circulation abroad for British books; more than once it quotes the fine words of our own Fred Melcher (editor of *Publishers' Weekly*) that "Books are not mere merchandise. Books are a nation thinking aloud." One of the notable features of the same number is a superb poem by Dorothy Sayers, *The English War.*

★ ★

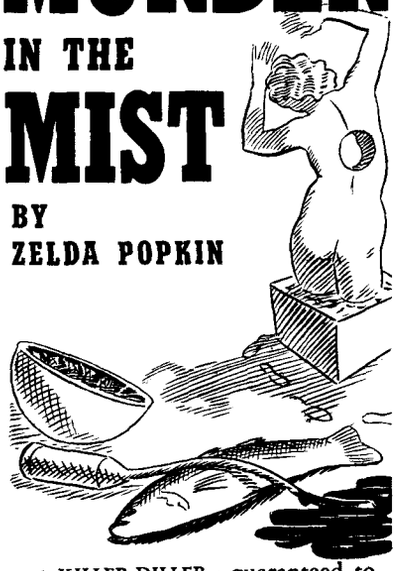
☞Two biographies of G. K. Chesterton are under way (one on G. K. C. by Belloc; one on both Chestertons (Gilbert and his brother Cecil) by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. ☞Oxford University Press announces the unfinished autobiography of the late H. A. L. Fisher, and a small book by Pearsall Smith on *Milton and His Modern Critics.* ☞Philip Gosse (first alluded to in his infancy as "a fine pink Gosse sprawling in a tub;" that was in the Letters of R. L. Stevenson) has rediscovered old Waterton the Wanderer and tells his odd history in *The Squire of Walton Hall.* ☞William Roughead, the sardonic murderologist who was Edmund Pearson's favorite writer, offers *Rascals Revived.* ☞Among Faber & Faber's announcements are a new poem by T. S. Eliot, *East Coker,* and the tempting title *The Long Week End: a Social History of Great Britain 1918-39,* by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. ☞E. Keble Chatterton has written *The Epic of Dunkirk;* we were wondering the other day if anyone remembered the passage in Shakespeare's *Henry V* so appropriate to that memory: something like this, "Men shipwracked on a sand, expecting to be washed off the next tide."

★ ★

☞Characteristic of British enjoyment in jokes at their own expense, Margaret Halsey's *With Malice Toward Some* is in its 9th printing in England. ☞Scribners have published in book form *There Shall Be No Night,* Robert Sherwood's play about Finland's struggle. ☞We were always pleased by Arthur Train's title *Tassels On Her Boots,* now as a parallel comes Sonja Henie's *Wings On My Feet* (Prentice-Hall). ☞A former publisher of this Review, Mr. Joseph Hilton Smyth, has written an unusually candid self-camera in *To Nowhere and Back.* ☞Harrison Smith says Stuart Cloete's *Yesterday is Dead* (a discussion of today's anxieties) "is as moving as any novel I've read in 20 years

MURDER IN THE MIST

BY ZELDA POPKIN



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of publishing." ☞The greatly admired Bob Hunt, formerly of Duell Sloane & Pearce, is now with Warner Bros. Pictures as a writer. We would wish that some of his duties in that capacity might include finishing more of his sonnets.

★ ★

☞At the college bookshop in South Hadley, where Miss Phillips and Miss Adams were busy getting ready for Mt. Holyoke's college opening, we picked up a volume of Henry James (*Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode,* in the Macmillan Modern Readers' Series). Ideal narcotic for bedtime reading after a day's driving; but often puzzling. For instance old cobweb-spinning Henry describes in New York "a large shady square with marble-paved walks." Was there any such in 1874? It seems to be Madison Square he's talking about. ☞In *Daisy Miller* we were pleased to note an allusion to Cherbuliez; one of the authors we never intend to read but about whom we have collected many references, beginning with Tarkington.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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169-W	170-S	171-F	172-I	173-D	174-V		175-B	176-Q		177-U	178-T	179-S	180-F	181-B	182-Q	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Capital of ancient Media.

B. Tuft, clump.

C. Instant (colloq.)

D. Poe heroine (first name).

E. Famous chief of Seneca Indians (1751-1830).

F. Idler, inactive (comp.)

G. Antidoron.

H. Apt to roll; glib.

I. Conveying outward from nerve centres.

J. Marked with sinuate, irregular furrows.

K. Odysseus's faithful swineherd.

L. English landscape painter (1775-1851).

M. In this particular way.

N. Render universal.

O. Kind of top-boot of 19th century.

P. Siege of the Indian Mutiny (1857).

Q. Secondary result.

R. Free, untrammeled (comp.)

S. Positive statement.

T. River celebrated by Service.

U. Legally or morally suitable.

V. Death (Gr.)

W. Astringent substance used in dyeing.

X. Endeavor.

WORDS

A.	55	28	51	57	130	72	66	96			
B.	18	175	101	64	138	181					
C.	98	131	74	93	58	83	65	22	133	54	
D.	48	120	173	152	68	165	63				
E.	16	132	102	3	89	140	109	24	163		
F.	121	180	11	38	148	95	47	171	76		
G.	88	52	107	30	67	20	111				
H.	34	150	42	59	156	26	15				
I.	7	14	31	172	39	92	126	97			
J.	2	155	73	40	143	17					
K.	71	135	1	50	125	147	9				
L.	127	100	158	80	110	36					
M.	53	164	108	136	23	128	61				
N.	84	21	162	149	41	69					
O.	49	119	25	105	153	4	161	168			
P.	116	44	166	106	123	33	56				
Q.	117	13	144	182	8	137	129	176	29	81	85
R.	139	122	141	94	70	167	104	46	35		
S.	27	6	77	145	179	124	115	91	170	99	60
T.	160	178	87	12	142						
U.	82	154	45	32	62	118	103	177			
V.	174	19	79	114	86	159	10	90			
W.	169	134	75	37	113	151					
X.	157	5	112	43	78	146					

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BOOKS YOU WILL SOON BE READING

...they are all Book-of-the-Month Club Choices...

Ernest Hemingway's new novel, FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, is the Club's November choice. It seems pretty certain to be generally regarded as his best novel since *A Farewell to Arms*.

Margaret Armstrong in TRELAWNY has written a biography of "one of the most genuine originals of our race;" it was our October choice, and is rising swiftly on all best-seller lists.

William Saroyan's new book, MY NAME IS ARAM--coming soon --is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.

Franz Werfel's new novel EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, is the Club's December book--a quiet, deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.

Willa Cather's new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, will also be distributed by the Club soon; scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; it is in the mood of *Death Comes to the Archbishop*.

Hans Zinsser's book, AS I REMEMBER HIM, was a Club choice just prior to his death; if any book deserved its present place, among the top best-sellers in the nation, it is this.

Jan Struther, with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans--instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.

Gontran de Poncins, a Frenchman, has written KABLOONA, an extraordinary book about Eskimos--beautifully translated and strikingly illustrated. It too will appear very soon.

Van Wyck Brooks' NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice for September.

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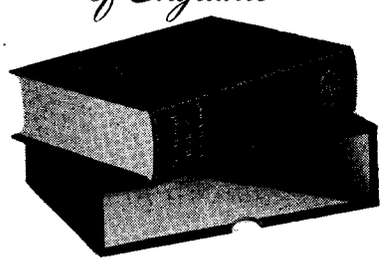

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FULLY a million perspicacious book-readers--in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service--now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. The few mentioned above are an indication of the quality of the books they receive.

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